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For the Register.

POETRY.

To the Lady I Love. BY RUE SARL.

Ludge Linve. Thou are above All other entitly freezing Thy leve is more Then earthly store-Thy stailes my only pleasure

With love for me-I family love and cherish But cires and fears. Which cause thy tear-I bun would have them perish

That heart so free

Yes, I would seek To dry thy cheek, And his away thy serrow That would beguite Misgivings of the mor

That smile and tear To me appear Like pleasant summer showers, And when 'm past Upon the dripping flowers

Those lips, I'm sure There's naught so pure, Fond yows of love have spoken Yes, yows like thing Are changed for mine And yet cemain unbroker

Then let us hope That time may ope The hour for which we're plighted And heart and hand Our envisionistississi

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Stolen Note.

BY A BETIRED ATTORNEY.

Except that he indulged too freely in the use of the intoxicating cup, John Wal-lace was an honest, high-minded and exemplary man. His one great fault hung like a dark shadow over his many virtues. He meant well, and when he was soher he

He was a hatter by trade, and by industry and thrift had acquired money suffic-ient to buy the house in which he lived. He had purchased it several years before, for three thousand dollars, paying one thousand down and securing the balance

by mortgage to the seller.

The mortgaged note was almost due at the time the circumstances ande me acquainted with the affairs of the family. But Wallace was ready for the day; he had saved up the money; there appeared to be no possibility of an accident. I was well acquainted with Wallace, having done some little collecting, and drawn up some legal documents for him. One day his daughter Anne came to my office in great distress, declaring that her father was ruined, and that they should be turned out of the house in which they lived.

Perhaps not, Miss Wallace," said I, trying to console her, and give the affair, whatever it was, a brighter aspect.— "I certa

"What has happened?" "My father," she replied, "had the money to pay the mortgage on the ho in which we live, but it is all gone now."

" Has he lost it?" "I don't know; I suppose so. Last week he drew two thousand dollars from the bank, and lent it to Mr. Bryce for

ten days. "Who is Mr. Bryce?" "He is a broker. My father got acquainted with him through George Chan-

iler, who boards with us, and who is Mr Bryce's clerk." Does Mr. Bryce refuse to pay it? He says he has paid it."

"Well, what is the trouble then?" "Father says he has not paid it."
"Indeed! But the note will prove that he has not paid it. Of course you have

the note." "No ; Mr. Bryce has it."

"Then of course he has paid it." "I suppose he has, or he could not have

had the note " "What does your father say ?" He is positive that he has never re-

ceived the money. The mortgage, he says must be paid to-morrow."

"Very singular! Was your father-" I hesitated to use the upleasant word, which must have grated harshly on the ear of the devoted girl.

"Mr. Bryce says my father was not just right when he paid him though not

I will see your father." "He is coming here in a few moments: I thought I would see you first and tell

you the facts before he came." "I do not see how Bryce could have ob-

tained the note, unless he paid the money. Where did your father keep it ?"
"He gave it to me, and I put it in the ecretary in the front room."

"Who were in the room when you put t in the secretary." Mr. Bryce, George Chandler, my fath-

er and myself." The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Wallace. He looked e and haggard, as much from the effect

of anxiety as of the debauch from which he was just recovering.
"She has told you about it, I suppose," said he, in a very low tone.

I pitied him, poor fellow, for two thousand dollars was a large sum for him to accumulate in his little business. The loss it would make the future look like a desert to him. It would be a misfortune

which one must undergo to appreciate it. "What do you thing about it ?" asked he, very gloomily. "I know he never paid me. I was not much in liquor at the time. I remember very well of going as regular-

ly as I ever did in my life. I could tell how I passed the time." . "What passed between you on that

"Well I merely stepped into his office it was only day before yesterday—to tell him not to forget to have the money for me by to-morrow. He took me into his back office, and as I sat there he said he would get the money ready the next day. He then left me and went into the front office, where I heard him send George out to the bank, to draw a check for two thousan'i dollars; so I supposed he was going to pay me then."

"What does the clerk say about it ?" "He says Mr. Bryce remarked, when he sent him, that he was going to pay me the money.'

"And when George came in, he went to the front office again and took the money. Then he came to me again, but did not offer to pay the money."

"Had you the note with you?" "No; now I remember, he said he sup-posed I had not the note with me, or he would pay it. He told me to come in the next day and he would have it ready-That was yesterday. When I come to look for the note it could not be found; Annie and I have hunted the house all over.

"You told Bryce so ?" "I did; he laughed and showed me the note, with his signiture crossed over with

ink, and a hole punched through it "
"It is plain, Mr Wallace, that he paid you the money, as alleged, or has obtained fraudulent possession of the note, and intended to cheat you out of the amount."
"He never paid me," replied Wallace

firmly,
"Then he has fraudulently obtained the note. What sort of a person is that Chan-dler who boards with you?" "A fine young man Bless you, he would

not do anything of the kind. "I am sure he would not," repeated Anne, earnestly.
"How else could Bryce obtain the note

but through him? What time does he come home at night?" "Always at tea time. He never goes out in the evening," answered Wallace, "But father, he did not come home till

ten o'clock the night before you went to Bryce's. He had to stay in the office to post books, or something of that kind." "How did he get in?" "He had a night key."
"I must see Chandler," said I.

"No harm in seeing him," added Mr. Wallace "I will go for him." In a few moments he returned with the young man. Chandler, in the conversation I had with him, manifested a very lively

interest in the solution of the mystery, and profess d himself ready to do anything to forward my views. "When did you return to the house on Tuesday night?" I asked him, with the intention of sounding him a little.

"About twelve." "Twelve !" said Anne, "it was not more than ten when I heard you." "The clock struck twelve as I turned

the corner of the street," replied Chandler "I certainly heard some one in the front room at ten," added Annie, looking with

astonishment at those around her. "We are getting at something," I re-marked, "How did you get in, Mr. Chan-

The young man smiled as he glanced at "On arriving at the door," he re-

plied, "I found that I had lost my night key. At that moment a watchman hap-pening along, and I told him my situation. He knew me, and taking a ladder from an unfinished house opposite, placed it against one of the second story windows, and I entered in that way "
"Good! Now who was it that was

heard in the parlor at ten, unless it was Bryce or one of his accomplices? He must have taken the key from your pocket, Mr. Chandler, and stolen the note from the secretary. At any rate, I will charge him with the crime - let what may happen Perhaps he will confess when hard push-

Acting upon this thought, I wrote a lawyer's letter-"demand against you," &c., which was immediately sent Bryce. Cautioning the parties not to speak of the affair, I dismissed them.

Bryce came. "Well, sir what have you against me?" he asked rather stiffly. "A claim on the part of John Wallace for two thousand dollars," I replied, pok-ing over my papers and appearing su-

premely indifferent.

"Paid it," said he, short as pie-crust.

"Have you?" and I looked him in the eye sharply. The rascal quailed. I saw

that he was a villain.
"Nevertheless, if within an hour you do not pay me two thousand dollars, and one hundred dollars for the trouble and anxiety you have caused my client, at the end of the next hour you shall be lodged in jail to answer to a criminal charge. "What do you mean sir ?"

"I mean what I say. Pay or take the consequences.' It was a bold charge, and if he had looked like an honest man, I should not

have dared to make it. "I have paid the money, I tell you," said he : "I have the note in my posses

Where did you get it ?" I got it of course when I paid the When you felloniously entered the house of John Wallace, on Tuesday, February 20, 10 o'clock, and took the said

to from the secretary." "You have no proof," said he, grasping chair for support. "That is my look out. I have no time

waste. Will you pay, or go to jail?"
He saw the evidence I had was to strong for his denial, and he drew his check on the spot for twenty-one hundred dollars;

I cashed the check, and hastened to Wallace's house. The reader may judge with what satisfaction he recived it how rejoiced was Anne and her lover. Wallace insisted that I should take the one hundred dollars for my trouble; but I was magnanimous enough to take only twenty. Wallace kept his promise, and ever after was a temperate man. He died a few years ago, leaving a handsome property to Chandler and his wife, the marriage between him and Anne having taken place shortly after the above narrated circumstances occurred.

Lines Suggested at My Mother's Grave.

The tender dew-drops fall Upon the shutting flowers; like souls at rest The stars shine gloriously; and all Save me are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave! The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild Waves o'er thy head; when will it wave Above thy child?

Its bright leaves to the morning tempest bow-Dear Mother, 'tis thine emblem ; dust Is on thy brow. And I could love to die;

Tis a sweet flower, yet must

To leave untasted life's dark bitter streams. By thee, as first in childhood, lie And share thy dreams And I must linger here,

To stain the plumage of my stainless years,

And moura the hopes to childhood dear. With bitter tears. Av. must I linger here. A lonely branch upon a withered tree, Whose last frail leaf untimely sere,

Oit from life's withered bower, In still communion with the past, I turn And muse on thee, the only flower,

In memory's uin Bows, like a mourner on the dim blue wave. I stray to hear the night wind wail

I gaze above—thy look is imagined there I listen, and thy gentle tone

O come, while here I press My brow upon thy grave; and in these mild And thrilling tones of tenderness, Bless, bless thy child

Yes, bless your weeping child ; And e'er thine urn-religion's holiest shrine. O, give his spirit undefiled. To blend with thine.

The Bride of an Evening. BY EMMA D. R. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

The Astrologer's Prediction. Reading, a few weeks since, one of De Quineey's papers-"Three Memorable Murders,"—recalled to my mind the strange circumstances of one of the most mysterious domestic dramas that ever tax-

flight of time to develop. The locality of our story lies amid one of the wildest and most picturesque reead waters of the Rappahannock wash

the base of the Blue Ridge.

The precise spot—Crossland—is a sublime and beautiful scene, where two forest-crowned ranges of mountains cross each other at oblique angles.

At the intersecting point of these ridges nestles a little hamlet, named, from its elevated position, Altamont. At the period at which our story opens the four estates, in the four angles of the

irregular mountain cross, were owned as The eastern farm, called Piedmont, was

the life property of Madame Auderly, a Virginian lady of the old school. The western and most valuable estate was the inheritance of Honora Paule, an

orphan beiress, grand-daughter and ward of Madame Auderly, The northern and smallest one, called, from being the deepest vale of the four-Hawe's Hole-was the property of old Hugh Hawe, a widower of gloomy tem-per, parsimonious habits, and almost fab-

ulous wealth. The southern farm-named, from the extravagant cost of the elegant mansionhouse, elaborate out-buildings, and highly ornamented grounds, which had absorbed the means of the late owner, "Farquier's Folly "- was the heavily-mortgaged patrimony of Godfrey Farquier Dulanie, the grandson of Hugh Hawe, and now a oung aspirant for legal honors at the

University of Virginia.

But little benefit to the heir was to be hoped from the inheritance of his father's burthened property. In the first place, old Hugh Hawe had bought up in his own name all the claims against the es-tate of Farquer's Folly—doubtless to prevent a foreclosure, and to save the prop-

erty for his grandson. But, unhappily, Godfry had mortally offended the despotic old man by declin-ing an agricultural life, and presisting in the study of a profession—a course that had resulted in his own disinheritance. To make this punishment more bitter to

his grandson, the old man had taken into his nephew Dr. Henry Hawe, whom he had established near himself at Farquer's Folly. At this time, the heir, having finished term at the University, had come down

to spend a part of his vacation in his native place. It was upon the Saturday evening of his arrival that he found the little hotel, and indeed, the whole village of Altamont, in

and after begging me not to mention the affair, he sneaked off.

a great excitement, from the fact that the celebrated heiress, Miss Honora Paule, had just stopped there, and passed through

on her way home.

Those who had been so happy as to catch a glimpse of her face, vied with each other in praise of her many charms, while those who had not, listened with eagerness and looked forward to indemnifying them-selves by seeing her at church the next morning.

The next day, Godfry Dulanie attended church, where he saw and fell in love with the most beautiful and intellectual looking girl be had ever beheld. From the cheapness and simplicity of her attire he supposed her to be some poor depen-dent of Madame Auderly's in whose pew she sat. Godfry was completely captivated, and he resolved at once to woo, and, if possible, win this lovely being for his wife, poor girl though she was. He was glad she was poor, because she could for that reason be more easily won. But on accompanying Mr. Willoughby, the cler-gyman, and his brother-in-law, Ernest Heine, home after church, what was his astonishment and dismay at being introduced to the supposed "poor girl," whom he found to be no other than the celebrated Miss Honora Paule, the greatest heiress and belle, as well as the best and noblest girl, in the state of Virginia. She greet-od him cordially, and in a few minutes the company were busily engaged in conversation. The topic of "capital punishment having been started, Godfrey turned to

Honora, and said : "I take an especial personal interest in having capital punishment abolished— Miss Paule,do you believe in astrology?"

Hopora started, fixed her eyes intently upon the questioner, and then withdraw ing them answered-

Sir why did you ask me if I believe in astrology?"
"Because, Miss Paule, I was about to relate for your amusement a prediction that was made concerning myself, by a professor of that black art."

"A prediction," exclaimed Mrs. Wil-

loughby, drawing near, with eager inter-"Yes, madam," replied Mr. Dulanie, smiling, "a prediction which, if I believed would certainly dispose me to favor the abolishment of the death penalty. Three years since, while I was sojourning for a short time in the city of Richmond, on my way to the University, I chanced to hear of the Egyptian Dervis, Achbad, who was

at that time creating quite a sensation in the city. His wonderful reputation was the theme of every tongue.

'Idleness and curiosity combined to lead me to his rooms. He required a night to east my horoscope. He demanded, and I gave him the day and hour of my birth and then I took leave, with the promise to return in the morning. The next day

I went-"
"Well?" questioned Honora, earnestly. "My horoscope was a HORROR-scope in-deed! It predicted for me—a short and stormy life, and a sharp and sudden death.

"Good Heaven! But-the details?" "It prophesied four remarkable events the first of which has already come to "And that was-?"

"The loss of my patrimonial estate!" "Singular coincidence!" interrupted Mr. Willoughby, as he arose and joined his wife and brother-in-law at the other end of the room.

"I thought so when the prophecy was

fulfilled," replied Godfrey. "And the other three events?" softly nquired Honora. The other three events, if they follow as predicted, must happen within the next two years, or before I reach my twenty-

fifth aniversary. The first of these is to be the unexpected inheritance of vast wealth." Upon hearing this, a bright smile play ed around the lips of Honora, and banish ed the clouds from her brow. She waited a few minutes forhim to proceed, but find-ing that he continued silent, she said— "Well, Mr. Dulanie, go on! what was the third predicted event?"

"Do you command me to inform you?" "No, sir ; I beg you, of your courtesy,

to do so." "Very well," he said. dropping his voice to low undertone, "It was to be my marrirge with the woman I should worship."

A deep vivid blush supplanted the bright smile that quivered over Honora's variable face. There was a pause, broken at length by her voice, as she gently in-

quired -"And the fourth ?" The answer came reluctantly, and ones so low as to meet only her ear. "The fourth and last prediction was

that before my twenty-fifth birth-day, I should perish on the scuffold.' A low cry broke from the lips of Honora, as her hands flew up and covered her face. After a minute or two she dropped them, and looking him steadily in the

face, said with a quiet firmness-You doubtless wonder at my emotion Now hear me. On the autumn following the summer in which that prediction wa made to you. I was in Baltimore with my grandmother, and with Mrs. Willoughby who was then Miss Heine. Curiosity took us to the rooms of the Egyptian, wh was then practicing in that city. And after some such preparations as he had used in your case, he cast my horoscope and read my future. It was this, that before my twentieth birthday, I should be a bride, but never a wife, for that the fatal form of the scuffold arose between the nuptial benediction and the bridal chamber. Such were the words of the She spoke with a solemnity hat seemed to overshadow every other feel

> CHAPTER II. Tue Sybit's Circle.

The next day, Honora informed her grandmither Madame Auderly, of God-

frey's presence in the neighborhood, and the old lady sent her only brother, Colo-nel Shannon, to fetch him to Piedmont. Godfrey accepted the invitation. On his arrival he found that General Sterne, the governor elect of Virginia, and his son, had just taken up their quarters, for sev-eral days, with Madame Auderly; and the old lady, in his honor at once sent off cards of invitation to some of the neigh-

bors to visit her that evening When ten was over, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where, soon after, the guests invited for the evening

First came Father O'Louherty, the parish priest of St, Andrew's Church, at

Crossland. The next arrivals were Mr. and Mrs.

Willoughby and Mr. Heine, Immediately after them came Dr. and Mrs. Henry Hawe—the doctor, a man of great fashion and elegance, the lady, a delicate pensive, woman with a sort of sad moonlight face, beaming softly out between

her fleecy locks of jet.

And last of all, to the astonishment of everybody, came old Hugh Hawe, who had been invited as a matter of courtesy and was not in the least degree expected

to make his appearance.

He came not alone. On his arm be brought a young girl, uninvited, but whom with grave curiosity, he presented to his hostess as Agnes Darke, the daughter of a deceased friend, and now his ward, who had arrived only that morning, and whom presuming on Madame Auderly's well-known kindness, he had ventured to pre-

sent to her.

Madame Auderly, a reader of faces,
was certainly attracted towards her; and, after a little talk, that confirmed her first favorable impressions, she took the hand of the orphan girl, and cooducted her to the group formed by the Misses Auderly, Mr. Sterne, Mr. Heine, Mr. Dulanie, and Honora Paule.

Under the auspices of Miss Rose Auderly, they were just about to form what she called a Sybil's Circle, for which purpose, Messrs. Heine and Sterne were dispatched to bring forward a round table. Miss Rose went to a cabinet to seek the , Sybil's Leaves," which she presently produced. All then seated themselves around the table. A dead silence reigned. Rose shuffled the eards, turned them with their faces

down, and then, addressing her right hand neighbor, Mr. Sterne, in a low voice, she "What would you with the Sybil ?" "I would know the future partner of

my life," was the formal answer

" Hear !" she exclaimed :

to the Sybil.

" Draw! " The young man hesitated for a while, smiled, and, rejecting all those cards that were nearest himself, put his hand under the pack, and withdrew the lowest one. "Read!" he said, extending the card

"'A widow, beautiful as light.
'Twill be your lot to wed—
With a rich jointure, which shall pour its blessings on your head." There was a general clapping of hands, and shouts of laughter.
It was now Miss Jessie's turn to test

her fate. Being a young lady, she would not put the question in the usual form, but merely inquired what should be her future fate. The answer drawn was— " To dandle fools and chronicle small beer,

a reply that nearly extinguished Miss Jessie for the evening. "I declare, if here is not Mr. Hugh Hawe !" exclaimed the lively Lily, as the old miser sauntered deliberately to the table, and stood looking with indolent curiosity upon the game of the young peo-"Come, Mr. Hawe! I declare you

shall have your fortune told !"

emn voice, she read-

"Well, well-the commands of young ladies are not to be disobeyed," replied the old man, gallantly, as he extended his hand and drew a card, which he passed to the Sybil. Amid a profound silence, and in a sol

"Thy fate looms full of horror From false

friends.

Near at hand, perdition threatens thec |

A fearful sign stands in thy house of life |

An enemy = flend luris close behind

The radiance of thy planet—Oh, be warned ' " Pshaw! what serious mockery!" ex claimed the old man, scornfully, as he turned away, and gave place to his neph-ew, who had all the while been posted be-

hind him, peeping over his shoulder

"Will you permit me to test my for tune?" inquired the "fascinating" Dr

Hawe. " And what would you with the Sybil? was the response.
" I would know the future." "Draw!" said the Sybil, in a tone

assumed sternness.
Smiling his graceful but most siniste smile, the doctor drew a card, and passed it to the reader.
"Hear!" said the latter, lifting the tablet of fate, and reading-

'I know that !- thou fearest that solemn night!
With her plercing stars, and her deep winds
might!might !-There's a tone in her voice thou fain wouldst For it asks what the secret soul hath done!

"Look! I declare how pale the docor has grown !" exclaimed the flippant Jessie. "One would really think, to look at him, that 'a deep remorse for some unacted crime' preyed on him." Nonsense! Jugglery!" said the lat-ter, turning away to conceal his agitation. The eyes of Honora Paule followed him

with the deepest interest—there was that upon his brow that she had never seen be-The next in turn was Agnes. Turning to her Rose said:
"What seek you in the magic circle

lady? My destiny," answered the luscious "Invoke the knowledge!"

Agnes drew a tablet, and passed it, as

usual, to the Sybil, who read-

"Oh, ask me not to speak thy fate!
Oh, tempt me not to tell
The doom shall make thee deschate.
The wrong thou mays! not quell!
Away! Away! For death would be
Even as a mercy unto thee!"

Agnes shuddered, and covered her face with her hands. "Put up the tablets! They are grow-ing fatal!" said Rose.

" Not for the world !- now that each word is fate! There is a couple yet to be disposed of! Miss Paule draw near!" said Mr. Heine.

The check of Honora Paule changed;

yet striving with a feeling that she felt to be unworthy, she smiled, reached forth her hand, drew a tablet, and passed it to the Sybil, who, in an effective voice, read-"But how is this? A dream is on my soul! I see a bride-all crowned with flowers, and

smiling.
As in delighted visions, on the trink
Of a dread chasm—and thou art she!!"
Honora heard in silence, remembering

the strange correspondence of these lines with the prediction of the astrologer, made long ago, endeavoring to convince herself that it was mere coincidence, and vainly trying to subdue the foreboding of her

"Mr. Dulanie!" said Rose, shuffling the tablets, and passing them to him. He drew a card, and returned it to be

perused. The Sybil took it, and a thrill of superstitious terror shook her frame as she

And shameful death are near An irrepressible low cry broke from the pallid lips of Honora. "Throw up the cards!" she said: "It is wicked this tampering with the mysteries of the fu-

The above is the commencement of Mrs. Southworth's great story, which is now being published in the New York Ledger. We give this as a sample; but it is only the beginning of this most inter-esting, fascinating, and beautiful tale— the balance, or continuation of it, can on-ly be found in the New York Ledger the great family paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which can be found at all throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember and ask for the New York Ledger of January 16, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a copy from any news of-fice, the publisher of the Ledger will mail

you a copy on the receipt of five cents.

The Ledger is mailed, to subscribers, at The Ledger is mailed, to subscribers, at \$2 a year, or two copies for \$3. Address your letters to Robert Bonner, publisher, 44 Ann street, New York. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high mora, tone.

The story is, of itself alone, worth the price of the Ledger. To peruse the history of the lovely heronic, Miss Paulehow she came to be a bride for only an evening, and all the strange and absorbing particulars connected therewith, will be a treat for all who take the trouble to get the Ledger.

Her smile so soft, her heart so kind, Her voice for pity's tones so fit, All speak her woman :—but her mind Lifts her where oards and sages sit.

Richard Hoffman. A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION. Rachel Bently, the lovely daughter of one of the richest merchants of London having married George Hoffman, one of her father's clerks' during the old man's absence in India, he on his return disin herited her and discharged George The latter being overwhelmed by disappointment, took to drink, and in a few years became a habitual drunkard; his wife supporting herself and two children-Richard, now a fine boy in his thirteenth

her once costly wardrobe and jewelry.
On the last day of December of year in which our story opens, Rachel was without food, light or fire, and that very day the rent must be paid.

Little Mary was mouning for bread, and

crying with cold.

year, and Mary, a sweet child of six-by

elling, one after another, the remnants of

The drunken father was at the dram-The agenized mother had but one more article of value left-a locket containing a lock of her father's hair. She had hoped to be able to save this, the last memento of her once happy home. But gonded by little Mary's cries for food she seized the locket, rushed to a pawnbroker's, obtained a few shillings, but by the amount of the rent and with the rest purchased a little bread and milk for her children, and then set out, with them, to visit the old confidental clerk of her father, Peter Mangles, who had ever been kind to her, to consult him about sending Richard away from the contaminating in-fluences with which he was surrounded.

On returning home late on New-Year's eve from her fruitless visit, for the old clerk was not at home, Rachel discovered that her husband had been home and stoien the sum she had put by for the rent from the place where she had concealed it and gone off again to "The Crown and Magpie" tovern to waste it in drunkon-ness. Little Mary, chilled and hungry, began to cry for food, and the suffering mother, in hopes of regaining a portion of the money taken by her husband, set out with her children to the haunt of vice whither George Hoffman had gone

There was a great crowd at the bar of "The Crown and Magpie," The land-lady—a stout, vulgar looking woman, with red ribbons in her cap, a profusion of false curls, a heavy gold chain round her neck, and numerous rings on her fat fingers—was busiby engaged in pouring out